THE BEACH OF FALESA.

The Marrative of a South Sea Trader.

By Robert Louis Stevenson. Oppright, 1892, by Robert Louis Stee

CHAPTER V. OHT IN THE BUSH ell. I was committed now: Tiapolo had to hed up before next day, and my hands pratty full, not only with preparations, at with argument. My house was like a me-nanics' debating society. Uma was so made that I shouldn't go into the bush by night. that, If I did, I was never to come back n. You know her style of arguing; you've

ad a specimen about Queen visions tired of Atlant I had a good idea. "What was the of casting my pearls before her?" I ight; some of her own chopped hay would

r to do the business. "Fil tell you what then," said I. "You fish ible, and I'll take that up along th me. That'll make me right."

the swore a Bible was no use. "That's just your Kanaka Ignorance," said "Bring the Bible out."

night it, and I turned to the title where I thought there would likely be glish, and so there was. "There!" aid I. "Look at that! 'London: Printed for tish and Foreign Bible Society, Blacks.' and the date which I can't read, owing peing in these X's. There's no devil in il can look near the Bible Society, Black-Why, you slily," I said, "how do you pose we get along with our own airus at

I think you no got any." said she. "White n. he tell me you no got." ounds likely, don't it?" I asked. "Why id these islands all be check full of them.

one in Europe?" Well, you no got bread fruit," said she. could have torn my hair. "Now, look here, lady," said I. "you dry up, for I'm tired of take the Bible, which'll put me as ght as the mail, and that's the last word

The night fell extraordinary dark, clouds ing up with sundown and overspreading il; not a star showed; there was only an end rs. Round the village, what with the lights ad the fires in the open houses, and the ses of many fishers moving on the reef. it opt as gay as an illumination, but the sea and the mountains and woods were all clean . I suppose it might be 8 o'clock when I ook the road, laden like a donkey. First there was that Bible, a book as big as your head. h I had let myself in for by my own tomcolery. Then there was my gun, and knife, and lantern, and patent matches, all necesserr. And then there was the real plant of the ir in hand, a mortal weight of gunpowder, pair of dynamite fishing bombs, and two or hree pieces of slow match that I had hauled out of the tin cases and spliced together the nt way I could. for the match was only trade stuff, and a man would be crazy that trusted it, Altogether, you see, I had the materials of iow up! Expense was nothing me: I wanted that thing done right.

long as I was in the open, and had the got to the path it fell so dark I could headway, walking into trees and there. like a man looking for the his bedroom. I knew it was risky for my lantern would be visible all the way to the point of the cape, and as no one went there after dark, it would be talked about and come to Case's ears. But what was nad either to give the business over se caste with Maea, or light up, take my . and get through the thing the smartest I was able.

As long as I was on the path I walked hard; but when I came to the black beach I had to run. For the tide was now nearly flowed, and to get through with my powder dry between the surf and the steep bill, took all the quickness I possessed. As it was, even the wash sought me to the knees and I came near falling on a stone. All this time the hurry I was in, and the free air and smell of the sea, kept my spirits lively; but when I was once in the bush and began to climb the path I took it easier. The fearsomeness of the wood had been a good bit rubbed off for me by Master Case's banjo strings and graven images; yet I ht it was a dreary walk, and guessed. when the disciples went up there, they must be badly scared. The light of the lantern, striking ng all these trunks, and forked branches, and twisted rope ends of lianas, made the e place, or all that you could see of it, a kind of a puzzle of turning shadows. They same to meet you, solid and quick like giants. and then spun off and vanished; they have up over your head like clubs, and flew away into ight like birds. The floor of the glimmered with dead wood, the way the match box used to shine after you had struck lucifer. Big. cold drops fell on me from the branches overhead like sweat. There was no wind to mention: only a little icy breath of land breeze that stirred nothing, and the

The first landfall I made was when I got the bush of wild cocoanuts, and came wiew of the bogies on the wall. Mighty ters, with their painted faces and shell eyes, and their clothes and their hair hanging. One them in a bundle on the cellar roof, so as they ht go to glory with the rest. Then I chose a place behind one of the big stones at the ance, buried my powder and the two shells, and arranged my match along the passage, and then I had a look at the smoking head, just for good-by. It was doing fine.

Cheer up," says L "You're booked." It was my first idea to light up and be getting homeward, for the darkness and the glimmer of the dead wood and the shadows of the lantern made me lonely. But I knew where one of the harps hung. It seemed a pity it ildn't go with the rest; and at the same ime I couldn't help letting on to myself that I was mortal tired of my employment and would like best to be at home and have the door shut. stepped out of the cellar and argued it fore and back. There was a sound of the sea far down below me on the coast: nearer hand not leaf stirred: I might have been the only livng creature this side of Cape Horn. I stood there thinking, it seemed the bush woke and became full of little noises. Little nelses they were, and nething to hurt; a breath jumped right out of me and my was afraid of, which would have been common sense. I never thought of Case. What cok me as sharp as the colle was the old tales-the devil-women and the man-It was the toss of a penny whether I ild run, but I got a purchase on myself and stepped out and held up the lantern (like all and looked all round.

In the direction of the village and the path there was nothing to be seen, but when I turned island it's a wonder to me I didn't depert and the bad bush—there, sure enough, was devil-woman, just as the way I had fig-ured she would look. I saw the light shine on her bare arms and her bright eyes, and there went out of me a yell so big that I thought it was my death.

"Ah! No sing out!" says the devil-woman. in a kind of high whisper. "Why you voice? Put out light! Ese he come." Why you talk big "My God Almighty, Uma, is that you?"

"Ioe." says she. "I come quick. Ese here

"You some along?" I asked. "You no

'fraid;"
"Ah. too much 'fraid!" she whispered. clutching me. "I think die." "Woll," says I, with a kind of a weak grin.

shire, for I'm about the worst scared man in the South Pacific myself." She told me in two words what brought her

I was scarce gone, it seems, when Paavao came in, and the old woman had met Black Jack running as hard as he was fit from our house to Case's. Uma neither spoke nor stopped, but lit right out to come and warn me. She was so close at my heels that the antern was her guide across the beach, and afterward, by the glimmer of it in the trees, she got her line uphill. It was only when I had got to the top or was in the cellar that she wandered-Lord knows where !- and lost a sight of precious time, afraid to call out lest Case was at the heels of her, and falling in the bush, so that she was all knocked and bruised. That must have been when she got too far to the southward, and how she came to take me in the flank at last and frighten me beyond what I've got the words to tell of.

Well, anything was better than a devil-woman, but I thought her yarn serious enough. Black Jack had no call to be about my house, unless he was set there to watch, and it looked to me as if my tomfool word about the paint, and perhaps some chatter of Maoa's, had got us all in a clove hitch. One thing was clear: Uma and I were here for the light; we daren't try to go home before day, and even then it would be safer to strike round up the mountain and come in by the back of the village, or we might walk into an ambuscade. It was plain, too, that the mine hould be sprung immediately, or Case might e in time to stop it.

I marched into the tunnel. Uma keeping tight hold of me, opened my lantern and lit the match. The first length of it burned like a spill of paper, and I stood stupid, watching t burn, and thinking we were going aloft with Tiapolo, which was none of my views. The second took to a better rate, though better than cared about; and at that I got my wits again. hauled Uma clear of the passage, blew out and lropped the lantern, and the pair of us groped our way into the bush until I thought it might e safe, and lay down together by a tree. "Old lady," I said, "I won't forget this You're a trump, and that's what's

wrong with you." She bumped herself close up to me. She had run out the way she was, with nothing on her but her kilt, and she was all wet with the dews and the sea on the black beach, and shook straight on with cold and the terror of the

dark and the devils.
"Too much 'fraid." was all she said. The far side of Case's hill goes down near as steep as a precipice into the next valley. We were on the very edge of it, and I could see the dead wood shine and hear the sea sound far elow. I didn't care about the position, which left me no retreat, but I was afraid to change. Then I saw I had made a worse mistake about the lantern, which I should have left lighted so that I could have had a crack at Case when he stepped into the shine of it. And since I hadn't had the wit to do that, it seemed enseless thing to leave the good lantern to blow up with the graven images. The thing belonged to me, after all, and was worth money, and might come in handy. If I could have trusted the match. I might have run in still and rescued it. But who was going to trust the match? You know what trade is. The stuff was good enough for Kanakas to go fishing with, where they've got to look lively any way, and the most they risk is only to have their hand blown off. But for any one that wanted to fool around a blow-up like mine

that match was rubbish.

Altogether, the best I could do was to lie still, see my shotgun handy, and wait for the explosion. But it was a solemn kind of a business. The blackness of the night was like solid; the only thing you could see was the nasty bogy glimmer of the dead wood, and that showed you nothing but itself; and as for sounds, I stretched my ears till I thought I could have heard the match burn in the tunnel, and that bush was as silent as a coffin Now and then there was a bit of a crack; but whether it was near or far, whether it was Case stubbing his toes within a few yards of me, or a tree breaking miles away. I knew no more than the babe unborn.

And then, all of a sudden. Vesuvius went off. It was a long time coming, but when it came though I say it that shouldn't) no man could ask to see a botter. At first it was just a son of gun of a row and a spout of fire, and the wood lighted up so that you could see to read. And hen the trouble began. Uma and I were half buried under a wagonful of earth, and glad it was no worse, for one of the rocks at the entrance of the tunnel was fired clean into the air, fell within a couple of fathoms of where we lay, and bounded over the edge of the hill and went pounding down into the next valley. I saw I had rather undercalculated our distance. or overdone the dynamite and powder, which

And presently I saw I had made another slip. The noise of the thing began to die off. shaking the island; the dazzle was over, and yet the night didn't come back the way I expected. For the whole wood was scattered with red coals and brands from the explosion: they were all round me on the flat, some had fallen below in the valley, and some stuck and flared in the treetops. I had no fear of fire, for these forests are too wet to kindle. But the trouble was that the place was all lit upnot very bright, but good enough to get a shot by, and, the way the coals were scattered, it was just as likely Case might have the advan-tage as myself. I looked all round for his white face, you may be sure; but there was not a sign of him. As for Uma, the life seemed to have been knocked right out of her by the bang and blaze of it.

There was one bad point in my game. One of the blessed graven images had come down all afire, hair and clothes and body, not four yards away from me. I cast a mighty noticing glance all round; there was still no Case, and made up my mind I must get rid of that burning stick before he came or I should be shot there like a dog.

It was my first idea to have crawled, and

then I thought speed was the main thing, and stood half up to make a rush. The same moment from somewhere between me and the sea there came a flash and a report, and a rifle bullet screached in my ear. I swung straight round and up with my gun, but the brute had a Winchester, and before I could as much as see him his second shot knocked me over like a ninepin. I seemed to fly in the air, then came down by the run and lay half a minute. silly; and then I found my hands empty, and my gun had flown over my head as I fell. It makes a man mighty wide awake to be in the kind of box that I was in. I scarcely knew where I was hurt, or whether I was hurt or not, but turned right over on my face to crawl after my weapon. Unless you have tried to get about with a smashed leg you don't know what pain is, and I let out a howl like a bul-

lock's. This was the unluckiest noise that ever I made in my life. Up to then Uma had stuck to her tree like a sensible woman, knowing she would be only in the way; but as soon as she heard me sing out she ran forward. The Winchester cracked again, and down she went.

I had sat up, leg and all, to stop her; but when I saw her tumble I clapped down again where I was, lay still, and felt the handle of my knife. I had been scurried and put out pefore. No more of that for me. He had knocked over my girl. I had got to fix him for it; and I lay there and gritted my teeth, and footed up the chances. My leg was broke, my gun was gone. Case had still ten shots in his Winchester. It looked a kind of hopeless business. But I never despaired nor thought upon despairing; that man had got to go.

For a goodish bit not one of us let on. heard Case begin to move nearer in the bush. but mighty careful. The image had burned out, there were only a few coals left here and there, and the wood was main dark, but had a kind of a low glow in it like a fire on its last legs. It was by this that I made out Case's head looking at me over a big tuft of ferns, and at the same time the brute saw me and shouldered his Winchester. I lay quite still, and as good as looked into the barrel; it was my last "I'm not the one to laugh at you. Mrs. Wilt- I chance, but I thought my heart would have

come right out of its bearings. Then he fired, Lucky for me it was no shotgun, for the bullet struck within an inch of me, and knocked the dirt in my eyes.

Just you try and see if you can lie quiet, and et a man take a sitting shot at you, and miss you by a hair. But I did. and lucky, too. A while Case stood with the Winchester at the port arms; then he gave a little laugh to himeelf, and stepped round the ferns.
"Laugh!" thought L. "If you had the wit of

a louse you would be praying!"

I was all as taut as a ship's hawser or the spring of a watch, and as soon as he came within reach of me I had him by the ankle, plucked the feet right out from under him, laid him out, and was upon the top of him. broken leg and all, before he breathed. His Winchester had gone the same road as my shotgun; it was nothing to me-I defied him now. I'm a pretty strong man any way, but I never knew what strength was till I got hold of Case. He was knocked out of time by the rattle he came down with, and threw up his hands together, like a frightened woman, so that I caught both of them with my left. This wakened him up, and he fastened his teeth in my forearm like a weasel. Much I cared. My leg gave me all the pain I had any use for, and

I drew my knife and got it in the place.
"Now," said I. "I've got you; and you're gone up, and a good job, too! Do you feel the point of that? That's for Underhill! And there's for Adams! And now here's for Uma, and that's going to knock your blooming soul

With that I gave him the cold steel for all I was worth. His body kicked under me like a spring sofa; he gave a dreadful kind of a long

moan, and lay still.
"I wonder if you're dead? I hope so." thought, for my head was swimming. But wasn't going to take chances; I had his own example too close before me for that; and I ried to draw the knife out to give it him again. The blood came over my hands, I remember. hot as tea: and with that I fainted clean away. and fell with my head on the man's mouth.

When I came to myself it was pitch dark: the cinders had burned out; there was nothing to be seen but the shine of the dead wood. and I couldn't remember where I was nor why I was in such pain nor what I was all wetted with. Then it came back, and the first thing I attended to was to give him the knife again a half a dozen times up to the handle. I believe he was dead already, but it did him no harm and did me good,
"I bet you're dead now," I said, and then I

called to Uma. Nothing answered, and I made a move to go

and grope for her, fouled my broken leg, and fainted again. When I came to myself the second time the clouds had all cleared away, except a few that sailed there, white as cotton. The moon was up-a tropic moon. The moon at home turns a wood black, but even this old butt end of a one showed up that forest as green as by day. The night birds-or, rather, they're a kind of early morning bird-sang out with their long. falling notes like nightingales. And I could see the dead man, that I was still half resting on, looking right up into the sky with his open eyes, no paler than when he was alive; and a way off Uma tumbled on her side. I got over to her the best way I was able, and when I got there she was broad awake and crying and sobbing to herself with no more noise than an insect. It appears she was afraid to cry out loud because of the aitus. Altogether she was not much hurt, but scared beyond belief; she had come to her senses a long while ago cried out to me, heard nothing in reply, made out we were both dead, and had lain there ever since, afraid to budge a finger. The ball had ploughed up her shoulder, and she had lost a main quantity of blood; but I soon had that tied up the way it ought to be with the tail of my shirt and a scarf I had on, got her head on my sound knee and my back against trunk, and settled down to wait for morning. Uma was for neither use nor ornament, and could only clutch hold of me and shake and

could only clutch hold of me and shake and cry. I don't suppose there was ever anybody worse scared, and to do her justice she had had a lively night of it. As for me, I was in a good bit of pain and fever, but not so had when I sat still; and every time I looked over to Case I could have sung and whistled. Talk about meat and drink! To see that man lying there dead as a herring filled me full.

The night birds stopped after a while; and then the light began to change, the east came orange, the whole wood began to whirr with singing like a musical box, and there was the broad day.

I didn't expect Maea for a long while yet; and, indeed, I thought there was an off chance he might go back on the whole idea and not come at all. I was the better pleased when, about an hour after daylight, I heard sticks smashing and a lot of Kanakas laughing and singing out to keep their courage up. Uma sat

smashing and a lot of Kanakas laughing and singing out to keep their courage up. Uma sat up quite brisk at the first word of it, and pres-ently we saw a party come stringing out of the path, Maea in front and behind him a white man in a pith helmet. It was Mr. Tarleton, who had turned up late last night in Faleson, having left his boat and walked the last stage with a lantern.

who had turned up late last night in Falesa, having left his boat and walked the last stage with a lantern.

They ouried Case upon the field of glory, right in the holo where he had kept the smoking head. I waited till the thing was done; and Mr. Tarleton prayed, which I thought tomfoolery, but I'm bound to say he gave a pretty siek view of the dear departed's prospects, and seemed to have his own ideas of hell. I had it out with him afterward, told him he had scamped his duty, and what he had ought to have done was to up like a man and tell the kanakas plainly Case was damned, and a good riddance; but I never could get him to see it my way. Then they made me a litter of poles and carried me down to the station. Mr. Tarleton set my leg, and made a regular missionary splice of it, so that I imp to this day. That done, he took down my evidence, and Uma's, and Maca's wrote it all out fine and had us sign it; and then he got the chiefs and marched over to Papa kandall's to selze Case's papers.

All they found was a bit of a diary, kept for a good many years, and all about the price of copra and chickens being stalen, and that

dence. and Uma's, and Maca's wrote it ail out fine and had us sign it; and then he got the chiefs and marched over to Papa Randall's to selze Case's papers.

All they found was a bit of a diary, kept for a good many years, and all abe ut the price of copra and chickens being stolen, and that; and the books of the business and the will I told you of in the beginning, by both of which the whole thing (stock, lock, and barrel) appeared to belong to the Samoa woman. It was I that bought her out, at a mighty reasonable floure, for she was in a hurry to got home. As for Randall and the black, they had to tramp; got into some kind of a station on the Papamanalul side; did very bad business, for the truth is neither of the pair was fit for it; and lived mostly on fish, which was the means of Randall's death. It seems there was a nice shoal in one day and papa won after them with the dynamite. Either the match burnel too fast or papa was full, or both, but the shell went off in the usual way) before he threw it, and where was papa's hand? Well, there's nothing to hurt in that; the islands up north are all full of one-handed men, like the parties in the "Arabian Nights;" but either Randall was too old, or he drank too much, and the short and the long of it was that he died. Pretty soon after the nigger was turned out of the island for stealing from white men, and went off to the west, where he found men of his own color, in case he liked that, and the men of his own color, in case he liked that, and the men of his own color, in case he liked that, and the men of his own color role and I'm sure I hope he was to their fancy!

So there was I, left alone in my glory at Falesa, and when the schooner came round I filled her up and gave her a deck carge half as high as the house. I must say Mr. Tarleton's government with the real she had a pronortion no that it's fair all round; but the truth is, it did use to bother me, and thus to kind of a pledge, and could look my balances but I reasoned it out this way. We all have queerly

THREE SUPPLE DANCERS. LITES WOMEN WHOSE FEATS PLEASE NEW YORKERS NIGHTLY.

Rose Julian's Serpentine Turns and Colls-Bessie Clayton's Airy Poises-She and Ente Girard Excel as High Elekers.

A new whim has seized the changing fancy of New York theatregoers, and brought for-ward another type of footlight favorite. The new claimant of public attention is the doublecinted woman athlete, endowed with comely face and extreme suppleness of limb. She appears to be a legitimate successor to the butterfly skirt dancers, who were all the rage early in the theatrical season. and still retain a potent hold upon theatregoers. The double-jointed woman athlete is the favorite of the hour. chiefly, it seems, because her limberness of physique permits of a variation of that sightly exhibition of feminine contour that made the skirt dancer's gyrations and posturing attractive to the eye. It is this sort of variety that gives spice to the entertainment. Each of the big roof gardens now has a double-jointed woman athlete to entertain the crowds of summer amusement seekers, and athird. a surprisingly agile and youthful aspirant for public favor, has won a conspicuous place in the only farce-comedy show that has been able to withstand the depressing effect of the hot weather and the competition of the outdoor roof garden entertainments. Each of the trio has some especial trick of

limb twisting which differs from any achieve-ment of the other two. For example, in her extraordinary ability to turn her body round in a corkscrew twist Miss Rose Julian, the supple young Australian maiden who ties herself up in knots on the Mudison Square Garden roof every night, excels all the other double-jointed girls that Gothamites have had an opportunity to admire. Rose is a fresh aced and vivacious girl of twenty-one, with a tall, lithe form that the Garden habitues are ond of calling "stunning, don't you know. Her corkscrew twist is a most marvellous effort. She trips out upon the stage, turns her back to the onlookers with her legs and feet close together, and begins to twist her waist. Her nether limbs are clad in silk tights. Her waist is enveloped in a loose silk blouse. Loose silk trunks entwine her hips. Her white arms are bared to the shoulders. The anxious spectator sees the upper part of her body turn slowly round, as if it were resting on a pivot, until she again faces him. The position is a puzzling one to the spectator, for the reason that her head and bust are turned completely around in an opposite direction from that which her hips and legs occupy. Standing in this queer position she throws kisses to the astonished spectators, smiles and bows, and then untwisting herself lelaurely, accomplishes another mysterious twist of the upper part of her body in the other direction.

The twist is accomplished with equal ease in either direction. Her lower limbs and feet remain stationary during the whole extraordinary performance. When the corkscrew movement is ended she still further mystifies effort. She trips out upon the stage, turns

by her mother's making amdavit that the expert little dancer was over 16 years of age.

Miss Clayton is a Philadelphian, and is 4 feet 5 inches high although her high kicks and short dresses make her look taller. The git's toe dancing, like her backward kick, differs from most terpsicherean work, for the reason that the toes of her dancing sandals In executing the "split" Mis Clayten stands upright upon the stage, then parting her nether limb lets them silp far apart until her body slides to the floor and her legs are at right angles with her waist. The photograph of the uncommon feat here reproduced, illustrates the ease with which she can accomplish it and also indicates how it is possible for the agile little dancer to get her foot backward over her head in a kick. She is double jointed with a vangeance, her limbs being so supply



RATE GIRARD. that they work as if they were strung on wires. Miss Clayton confirmed Miss Julian's assertion that the high kicking and the leg



the onlookers by sitting down on her head, an act that is laughable in its daring violation of all ordinary muscular action. To sit down on her head she first balances her body on her her head she first balances her body on her hands and allows her feet to drop over her head toward the floor. The spectator sees her body turned toward him in profile. As her feet descend the profile line first forms an ellipse, then a full circle, and then, lengthening out at one end, produces the appearance of a big interrogation point turned over on its side. In this unprecedented posture the young woman's head is pressed into the small of her back, and she looks for all the world as if she were sitting on her head. Her body rests on her chest when she causes it to form a circle, but it rests on her chin only when her head reaches fine small of her back. Her chin at this stage rests on a soft silk cushion. She changes this interrogation-point position back



BOSE JULIAN.

to a circle in a moment, grabs hold of her ankles, sways her body forward and back onco or twice to develop impetus and then goes rolling across the stage like a wheel. The surprising act of setting on her head is technically called "a back bend," and the wheel-like notion "the rdy poly." Again standing upright she kicks the back of her head with the sole of her sandal, using either foot with equal lacility, and does it all with a sweet smile that is decidedly reassuring to the spectator who imagines that she is surely going to break herself in two. She ties herself up in other kinds of knots, and finally putting her head on the floor she twirls her body round and round it in an unaccompatible fashion.

"Isn't there a risk of doing yourself internal injury by this sort of thing?" Manager Gottschalk asked the pretty athlete.

"Not a particle." Rose replied, with a laugh. You don't suppose I'd be goose enough to try it if there were any danger. I have never been in a doctor's hands in my life, and my health and strong. Some nervous people, I know, imagine that the strain must be so great that I will surely hurst something or other one of these days. But I won't. If those who fear such a catastrophe reflect a mement their reason will tell them that my ability to twist my-self up in this style is due to the extreme suppleness of limb with which men and women are sometimes endowed, and which precludes any such danger of injury. Ever since I was a girl of three I could tie my body up in knots, and constant practice has increased this peculiar faculty. I gractise half an hour in my dressing room every night before I go before the footlights to see that all my sinews arcsupple. There is not the slightest pain to any of the contortions I attempt. And consequently there can be no injurious strain, even in that corkscrew twist of my body. If there was a horter of the slightest in the marvellous performance of Miss liesse Clayton, the curity headed youngster who is the new high kicks forwards to the tampourine. She makes a

Girard walks lelsurely around the roof garden, kicking hats sky high with the greatest nonchalance. After that she leaps upon a table and lets her legs slide apart in the regulation dislocation split. Then she draws her legs together again, strictness out upon her back, and her husband seizes one of her feet by the ankle and dashes around the table in a circle, twisting the leg round and round like the dial hand of a big clock. Miss Girard smiles serencly while her log is being thus unceremoniously yanked around.

"It strikes most neople as odd, and yet it is a fact" the woman athlote said, "that I am always in better health when I am at work at this exercise every day than when I am resting. My muscles stiffen and my appetite decreases when I take a vacation, so you see the exercise we double-jointed women go through must be beneficial. There is no risk to it."

It is a point noted by managers that no other actresses in the variety or comio opera business have such lavishly abundant wardrobes as the double-jointed theatrical stars. Their glorious array of tights surpass anything that the theatregoers could imagine. The tights are all made of slik of the best kind, and the same pair is nover worn twice in succession. Miss Girard brought a dozen pairs, no two alike in color, to the Casino, Miss Julian says that she has half a hundred pairs, and little Miss Clayton has so many that the property man says that it makes him dizzy to keep track of them all. This abundance of stunning apparel is rendered indispensable because of the wear and tear of the special work of the double-jointed women, which is a good deal more wearing and tearing on the tights than it is on the young women.

CHICAGO IN ART.

A Butcher Girl Chosen as the Highest Art From the Jesselers' Circular.

On Jan. 27, 1802, the Chicago Inter-Ocean published to the world its purpose to secure for Chicago an art type that would represent Chicago, as the familiar figures of John Bull, Uncle Sam, and William Penn represent their



THIS IS THE YOUNG PERSON. National Bank of Chicago: Miss Harriet Mon roe, one of Chicago's most competent art critics and poet of the Columbian dedicatory ceremonics, and W. M. R. French, director of the Chicago Art Institute. Noarly 300 designs were submitted, the first prize, the figure herewith illustrated, being awarded to Charles Holloway of Chicago.

illustrated, being awarded to Charles Rolloway of Chicago.

The design presents the creet figure of a young woman gazing resolutely forward, she is clad in a tunic reaching half way below the kness, and she wears a cutrass bearing the significant motio, "I Will." Her right hand rests easily on the right hip, and the left, outstretched in graceful curve, sustains, by the aid of the left hip, a carpenter's square. On the head, superful upborne by its round and beautiful neck, rests as a helmet a phonix rising from its nest of flame.

Found Out on the E ff 1 Tower.

At a meeting of the French Metoorological Society. M. Angot presented the results of temperature observations made during the year 1800 on the Effet Tower at 515 feet, tito feet, and 960 feet above the ground. During the night the temperature discreases up to a recan height of about 500 feet, then decreases, slowly at first, and afterward more rapidly. At about 1,000 feet the mean decrease of temperature is about 1.4° per 328 feet 1100 metreel. During the day the temperature decreases constantly from the ground upward; in the lower strata the decrease is shown in winter than in summer. In the latter season it amounts to 2.5° per 328 feet; but above 500 feet the rate of decrease does not show a decided annual variation; the amount is about 1.4° per 328 feet. It is worthy of remark that at a height of 684 feet (300 metres) in open air, the decrease of temperature is rapid, both during the night and during the day, and nearly approaches the theoretical value of the law of the adiabatic expansion of gases.

MR. ROWSER AND THE MOWER.

It Was an Unineky Bay Wasa He Worker the Machine on the Lawn.

"Did that lawn mower come up this after-noon?" asked Mr. Bowser, as he came home an hour shead of time the other evening. "Was that a lawn mower?" queried Mrs. "What on earth possessed

Bowser in reply. "What o "For two very good reasons, Mrs. Bowser. I propose to save about fifteen dollars on laws mowing this summer, and I want the exercise. I could have got a health lift, but I thought I would combine business with pleasure. Always kill two birds with one stone when chance offers. I'll work up a muscle in couple of weeks to astonish you. The doctor says it's exactly what I need.

But I wish you hadn't bought it." "That's you to a dot! Always in oppositio to everything I do! That's why we take so much comfort as a family ! The only thing you wouldn't oppose is my dying !"

Mrs. Bowser had nothing more to say, and after dinner Mr. Bowser made ready for his exercise. He got into an old suit of clothes, dragged the lawn mower into the back yard and oiled it up, and was presently ready to make a start. He looked up at the back windows, and seeing nothing of Mrs. Bowser, he spat on his hands and said:

Ha! This is what'll give a man muscle Only costs \$9, and I'll get \$100 benefit out of it. I suppose I might as well make a start."

He made one. He had gone about ten feet when the machine stopped suddenly. So did Mr. Bowser. He stopped so suddenly that his

when the machine stopped suddenly. So did Mr. Bowser. He stopped so suddenly that his feet left the ground and the handle of the mower just missed his chin on an upper cut.

"Struck a post, eli i" he muttered, as he investigated and found one rising about six inches out of the earth. "That's all right, however. I didn't expect to mow down posts as well as grass. Seems as if my muscle was working up a little already."

He dodged the bost and headed for the back fence, and his countenance had just begun to beam again when there was a great clattering and the machine stopped.

"Oyster cans." he growled, as he kicked two or three out of the grass. "She's probably taked hing to death, but I'd mow this yard if it was full of deadly toppedoes.

He reached the lence without further mishap, leaving a trail belind him as crooked as a serpent's, but at the first dash he made on his return journey something happened again. The machine stopped with a bump, and Mr. Bowser pitched forward over the handle and brought up in a heap on the ground.

Now, I hope to never draw another breath if I don't slaughter somebody for this!" he yelled as soon as he could get his breath. He was going to jump up and kick somebody or something, but it occurred to him that Mrs. Bowser might be looking, and he sat up and looked around and pretended to rest.

Nothing could be seen of Mrs. Bowser, however, and after a couple of minutes he got up and moistened his hands for a fresh start, Everything went as smooth as grease for the next twenty feet. Then the mover picked up a hundred feet of stovepipe wire and waited for results.

"That woman's hand grain!" horsely whis-

Everything went as smooth as grease for the next twonty feet. Then the mower pieked up a hundred feet of stovepipe wire and waited for results.

"That woman's hand again!" hearsely whispered Mr. Bowser, as he saw what was the matter; "but I wouldn't give in now if I knew that death wasn't two rods of!"

It took him ten minutes to clear away the wire. When this had been accomplished he pulled off his coat and vest, glanced up at all the back windows, and there was a dangerous light in his eye as he gripped the handle, drew a long breath, and went ahead. At the fifth step Mr. Bowser's right foot found a post hole, and followed it up until he fell forward on his stomach and ploughed along the grass. His first thought was to get up and kiek both line fences down and make a bonfire of the splinters, but as he slowly reached his feet a better idea occurred to him. He picked up the mower by the handle and raised it over his head and pounded the earth withit until nothing but the handle was left. Then he gathered up wheels, cogs, ratchets, flues, pulleys, cylinder heads, and low-water indicators, and tossed them over the back fence and walked into the house. Mrs. Bowser sat reading, and looking very innocent and humble, but he was not to be deceived. Standing before her in his sternest attitude he said:

"Mrs. Bowser, there is an easier way!"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Why, what do you mean of the surface of the said of the stuation perfectly, and nothing you can say will excuse your dastardly machinations."

"But didn't I say I was—"

"Never! Never said a word! That will do. Mrs. Bowser. Any suggestions you have to make had best be put in writing and submitted the first thing in the morning. Our child will, of course, remain with me. Good night, Mrs. Bowser, Any suggestions you have to make had best be pu

M. QUAD. THE ARIZONA KICKER.

The Editor Enjoys Mule Rucing and Pistol Practice in a Manly Way.

THE MULE RACE.-The great mule race droustiny. Nine-tenths of her news-so vital, which was advertised to come off last Saturday proved to be an exciting affair and the cance, and the rest is as the scuffling of ghosts event of the season. It was a Lone Tree mule | in a back attic. called Cyclone against the well-known Thunderbolt, owned by the editor of the Kicker, The stakes were for \$100 a side and the distance one mile. As the editor of a greatfamily after reaching the race track. The Lone Tree | the sea Captains swing in, are met

"I have a friend who has a very pretty and exceedingly muscular wife," said Thomas A. Hot. "Like most incusoms women, expectally those who live in the smaller cities, she had been much annoyed by the rude staring and smirking of street-corner loungers, and she determined to resent it in a vigorous and effective manner. Her husband is an expert loxer, and, without saving anything about her plan, she began to take daily lessons in the manly art. At the end of six months she had a muscle like a prize fighter. Then she girded up her health corest and went on the warpath for the genus massier.

"She soon found a victim. A hig fellow in a suit loud enough for a fire bell gave her a prolonged starcol insolent admiration. She repaid him with her sweetest smile, and he was quickly at her side. Then she read him a brief lecture, reached out with her left and caught one of his assining ears and held him fast, while with her right is he played a tattoo on his face that made it look like an underdone beefsteak, winding up the exhibition by knocking him into the street. It was not very ladylike, perhaps, but it had a salutary effect on the masculine irresistibles of that town."

Rudyard Kipling. Copyright 1892 by Redgard Kipling.

PART I. For hope of gain, or sake of peace,

"OUR OVER-SEAS MEN.

Or greed of golden fee, Ye must not sell your galley slaves That row you over the sea. For they come of your blood, of your own blood,

By your own gods they swear, So you must not sell them overseas, Because they rowed you thera.

King Erum. All things considered, there are only two kinds of men in the world-those that stay at home and those that do not, The second are the most interesting. Some day a man will bethink himself and write about the breed in a book called "The Book of the Overseas lub," for it is at the club houses all the way from Aden to Yokohama that the life of the outside men is best seen and their talk best heard. A strong family likeness runs through both building and members, and a large and careless hospitality is the note. There is always the same open-doored, high-celled house, with matting on the floors; the same come and go of dark-skinned servants; and the same assembly of men talking horse or bustness in raiment that would fatally scandalize a Loadon committee, among flies of newspaper from a fortnight to five weeks old. The life of the Outside Men includes plenty of sunshine and as much air as may be stirring. At the Cape, where the Dutch housewives distil and sell the very potent Vanderhum, and the absurd home-made hansom cabs waddle up and down the yellow dust of Adderley street. are the members of the big import and export firms, the shipping and insurance offices, inventors of mines, and exploiters of new territories, with now and then an officer strayed from India to buy mules for the Government, a Government House aide-de-camp, a sprinkling of the officers of the garrison, tanned skippers of the Union and Castle lines, and naval officers from the squadron at Simon's Town. Here they talk of the sins of Cecil Rhodes, the insolence of Natal, the beauties or otherwise of the solid Boer vote. and the dates of steamers. The argot is Dutch and Kafilr, and every one can hum the national anthem that begins "Pack your kit and trek, Johnny Bowlegs." In the stately Hongkong Club house, which is to the further what the Bengal Club is to the nearer East, you meet much the same gathering, minus the mining speculators and plus men whose talk is of tea, silk, shirtings, and Shanghal ponies. The speech of the Outside Mon at this point becomes fearfully mixed with "pidgin-English" and local Chinese terms, rounded with corrupt Portuguese. At Melbourne, in a long veranda giving on a grass plot, where laughing jackasses laugh very horribly, sit wool kings, premiers, and breeders of horses after their kind. The older men talk of the days of the Eureka Stockade, and the younger of 'shearing wars" in North Queensland, while the traveller moves timidly among them wondering what under the world every third word may mean. At Wellington, overlooking the harbor tall right-minded clubs should command the seal, another and yet a like sort of men speak of sheep, the rabbits, the land courts, and the ancient heresies of Sir Julius Vogel: and their more expressive sentences borrow from the Maori. And elsewhere, and elsewhere, and elsewhere among the Outside Men it is the same-the same mixture of every trade, calling, and profession under the sun; the same clash of conflicting interests touching the uttermost ends of the earth: the same intimate, and sometimes appailing, knowledge of your neighbor's business and shortcomings; the same largepalmed hospitality, and the same keen interest on the part of the younger men in the legs of a horse. Decidedly it is at the Overseas Clubs all the world over that you get to know some little of the life of the community. London is egotistical, and the world for her ends with the four-mile cab radius. There is no provincialism like the provincialism of Lonion. That big slackwater, coated with the

drift and rubbish of a thousand men's

thoughts, esteems itself the open sea because

the waves of all the oceans break at her bor-

ders. To those near her she is terribly

imposing, but they forget that there is more

than one kind of imposition. Look back upon

her from ten thousand miles, when the mail

is just in at an Overseas Club, and she is won-

so epoch-making over there-loses its signifi-

Here in Yokohama the Overseas Club has

two mails and four sets of papers-English. French, German, and American, as suits the variety of its constitution-and the verands catest multi in the country, but the foreman of our office had entire charge of the animal after reaching the race track. The Lone Title of the animal after reaching the race track. The Lone Title of the animal after reaching the race track. The Lone Title of the animal after reaching the race track. The Lone Title should be used to the race of the animal and the standard they made a dash to carry off the stakeholder. As editor of the Arise to the Arise track of th weekly it is not beneath our dignity to own the by the sea, where the big telescope stands, is fastest mule in the county, but the foreman of a perpetual Pentecost. The population of the our office had entire charge of the animal club changes with each steamer in harbor, for

(To be continued)